

AT TWILIGHT.  
The day dies slowly out, the twilight comes  
That by its softest light a while agoes  
Pales into grey, and softly twilight's hues  
Shade nearer and shadow night is born.  
My heart is heavy with its tears unshed,  
Which gather in my eyes yet will not fall;  
By life, my hopes, would God my heart was dead  
And over all things, like a funeral pall.  
A black, dense shadow, deep and dark and chill,  
Inconstant yet too true, the latter part  
That now comes after all the joy I felt, until  
I knew that all my trust had been in vain.  
I watch the purple shadows drawing near,  
Hanging their dusky light with dying day;  
I watch a pale young moon hang silver clear,  
An evening crescent in the western gray.  
I look ahead o'er years of weary waiting,  
O'er years of saddest grief and weary pain;  
My heart now clings from here to halcyon  
With eager eyes to your own again.  
You came and took my heart into your keeping,  
You swept its golden strings with sweet night  
That left its heart had till then been calmly sleep-  
ing.  
Break into song so tremulous yet light  
That all the clouds which lay across the sky  
Of our life here tremulously away,  
And on my heart a new dawn seemed to lay  
The promise dawning of another day.  
Now as I've got all my life in dream,  
The cloud comes back that shadowed all my  
past.  
I watch the midnight moon, eyes sad and weary,  
Praying that death will end my pain at last.  
—New Orleans, Louisiana.

### FRIDA'S GIFT.

Every woman desires, above all things  
to be loved, and Frida was no exception  
to the rule, but when it came to being  
put upon a pedestal and worshipped from  
a distance the pleasure did not outlast  
the novelty.

It was cold up there all alone, and she  
wanted to be warmed. Respectful house-  
wives might do for guests, but she was  
only a loving hearted little German girl,  
who had just passed her sixteenth birth-  
day, and been treated with the em-  
broided bronze clippers, which signified  
that childhood had passed, and she  
might take her place in the world as a  
young lady, and be called "you," in-  
stead of the familiar "thou" of years  
past, and who had had no thought be-  
yond papa, mamma and the children.  
The young candidate for matrimony came  
to be prior to her brothers and keep her  
from forgetting what she knew.

Much time was passed in the school-  
room, and Franz Rheinhardt soon dis-  
covered that the docile, golden haired pupil  
would be the sweetest bride on earth for  
some one fortunate enough to win her.  
That it should be himself, never en-  
tered his mind. As soon would he have  
asked one of the royal family to keep his  
house and mend his socks—which shows  
of how much advantage is deep reading  
and knowledge to a man in understand-  
ing a woman.

It had not taken very long for Rhein-  
hardt to become Frida's ideal of all that  
was great and good. His learning she  
venerated, his abstraction covered, to  
her the most profound thinking, while  
his careless and neglected dress only ex-  
cited a longing to take upon herself the  
humble task of ministering to the cre-  
ature comforts of this young divine, who,  
to an unprejudiced onlooker, was at  
most an awkward, shy, self conscious  
dreamer, only differing from her in that  
dreams of others by a firm, an all abiding  
belief in what he professed.

This hero worship, however, did not  
blind Frida to the story told by Rhein-  
hardt's own eyes. "Who saw that loving  
her in this reverent way, he had raised a  
barrier between them that she alone could  
remove, and when could it be better done  
than now, at the feast of the blessed Christ  
child?"

She could not as yet tell how, but it  
should be done, he loved her already,  
would soon tell her so, and in the mean-  
time she revelled in innocent dreams of  
the future.  
He would soon have a parish, of  
course, and she would work hard, oh,  
yes, and do all he told her with the chil-  
dren's classes; but if she could only have  
a little older, such a curly head and baby  
face would ill become a coffee table sur-  
rounded by—Heaven preserve us! Frau  
Doctor this, and Frau Professor that.  
Oh, no. She will knit and mend his  
socks, brew cherry cordials for his cough,  
keep his books dusted, and never, never  
lose the loose leaves of his sermons; any-  
thing but take her place as Frau Pastorin  
and receive all these awe inspiring ladies.  
Startled by this idea, looking up,  
she met his eyes fixed on hers, felt sure  
he had read her thoughts, and hid her  
blushing face behind a huge pile of un-  
mended socks.

Poor Franz never dreamed the blush  
was for him; he saw himself through his  
own blue glasses and sighed, patiently  
going on with little Max, who could not  
under repeated explanations, be made to  
understand that the square of a number  
was not the same as twice.

Was the child duller than usual, or  
was it that he could hardly see the altar  
through the mist of a vision—a vision  
of a little room smaller than this, oh yes,  
but warm, with curtains and firelight; it  
has shelves on three sides with books,  
and books are on a stand at his right  
hand.

In the middle of the room there is a  
table with a green cloth, and a napkin  
folded diamond fashion under the lamp.  
There is a work basket too, and it be-  
longs to a dear little wife whose feet are  
on the fender, a little golden haired wife,  
whose name is Frida. But he must have  
spoken his name again.

"Did you speak to me, Herr Profes-  
sor?"

"Pardon, Fraulein, I but thought  
aloud; we want to leave the book and  
sleep to-night, the little ones and I, for  
stories of the Christ Child."

"If you will listen I will tell them  
better."

So, while the good mother in the next  
room dressed the children's toes, the  
candidate told (and old legends of how  
the oxen in the stable warmed the Holy  
Babe with their breath; of how the wise  
men who worshipped him were, after his  
death, baptized in the faith. And of how  
the Christ Child fills the shoes of good  
children, and knows when only a red is  
deserved, till the little eyes opened wide  
with the same wonder they felt every  
year, and they ran to hunt for their Sun-  
day shoes, sure of forgiveness for the  
little naughtiness that had already  
brought their punishment from the dear  
house mother.

Frida and Franz, left alone, and  
still, he saw again the little cur-  
tained room, with its armoire, and  
worshipped her with his eyes. Oh, heaven,  
if he sits there ten minutes longer he  
must tell her; then she will open her big  
blue eyes at him, and run to her mother;  
then to-morrow the father will most un-  
doubtedly tell him the little boys are to  
have another tutor.

"Shall you put your shoes outside your  
door to-night, Herr Rheinhardt?"  
The candidate thought not; he had  
done it last at home, and though all  
were heavenly kind to him here, he had  
only one heart's desire, and most cer-  
tainly no Christ Child would put that in  
his shoes.

Still if Fraulein Frida desired it, she  
must know any wish of hers was his law.  
Here the parents entered, good nights  
were hurriedly said, and soon all was  
quiet.

The children made a merry rush for  
the breakfast table Christmas morning,  
displaying their shoes filled to overflowing.  
When some of the rapture had  
subsided they asked the candidate what  
he had found.

Nothing, not even his shoes.  
Possibly they had been taken away for  
a joke.

The children cried out in distress.  
At this moment the door opened to ad-  
mit Frida, walking slowly, her eyes on  
the floor.

For an instant she hesitated, gave one  
look at her mother, who returned it en-  
couragingly, then walked straight up to  
the candidate with her hands out.

She stumbled a little, he sprang to  
catch her, and then for the first time he  
saw that her pretty little feet were vainly  
trying to keep inside of his clumsy shoes.

He stood an instant irresolute, while  
Frida's lips quivered, and her courage  
almost failed her. Then she was in his  
arms, and the good mother, with tears  
in her eyes, drew the little one out of  
the room and closed the door.—Translated  
for Current Literature from The  
Berliner Tagblatt by Miss J. M. Burgoyne.

### Coal Tar and Petroleum.

For the past twenty years, writes a cor-  
respondent in American Florist, I have  
used gas tar not only on greenhouse gut-  
ters but on benches and other parts ex-  
posed to dampness as well. He says:  
For gutters I have found nothing better  
for making them tight. My method of  
application is to heat it over a very gentle  
fire and apply with a paint brush while  
warm. The heating facilitates the work,  
as it spreads and penetrates the wood  
more rapidly, besides forming a hard and  
glossy coat when cold. Care should be  
observed not to fill the vessel too full, as  
it is liable to foam and rise over the side  
and communicate with the fire. I give  
my gutters a coat once a year, generally  
in August, as a warm, still day is to be  
preferred.

While on this subject it occurs to me  
that possibly some of your many readers  
might be glad to know that crude petro-  
leum is also a great preserver of wood.  
I have found it invaluable for green-  
house stages, etc., as a prime coat for all  
wood work where exposed to the weather.  
It prevents warping and checking and at  
the same time repels water. I consider  
it just as much lead and oil saved. If  
followed with a coat of paint it remains  
on the surface and forms a solid body.  
Buildings treated in this way will suffer  
no harm for several years without other  
paint.

### The Japs Don't Save.

You will find that the people are not  
accustomed, in the Orient, to only ex-  
cited. They have never learned the philoso-  
phy of investment, and they spend all they  
make. They have in the past had no in-  
vestment of money, except in lands, and  
the saving done has been largely for  
refueling their houses in case of fires,  
which are very frequent. Dr. DePuy,  
who has been in Japan for more than  
thirty years, is my authority for the  
statement that a Japanese house is  
thought of as the property of just only five  
years before it is destroyed by fire. The  
frame work and the interior are like  
tinder, and whole villages are swallowed  
up almost monthly in Japanese conflagra-  
tions. The people are the most care-  
less people in regard to fires I have ever  
seen, and there are no fire departments  
to speak of out of the four or five large  
cities. This danger has thus been an in-  
centive to saving, but where this there is  
little. Seven-tenths of the people, at a  
rough estimate, live from hand to  
mouth, though the postal savings banks  
which have been introduced bid fair to  
teach them differently. Interest is high  
and the banks make money. There is  
not a large government debt, and the  
most of the debt is held at home.—Frank  
G. Carpenter.

### Smuggling Loss to a Coffin.

A Brussels lace merchant had received  
from a Belgian, residing in Paris, an or-  
der for a large quantity of Malines lace.  
The goods were carefully packed in a  
lead coffin, which was dispatched to the  
Paris address as containing a corpse, says  
a Paris exchange. The Paris merchant  
had to wait so long for the arrival of the  
"body" that he at length complained to  
the manager of the Northern railway, who  
informed him that the coffin had been  
detained at the frontier owing to the  
non-compliance with certain pro-  
scribed formalities relating to the trans-  
mission of corpses. Our merchant at  
once took train to Quierzon, dressed in  
solemn black and with a mourning band  
round his hat, and wearing an expression  
of profound sadness. But in spite of his  
emphatic protest against such an act of  
decoration the officials insisted on open-  
ing the coffin, when the truth came to  
light and the ingenious smuggler was  
taken into custody.—New York Tele-  
gram.

### Paying Dearly.

In a small village of New England, a  
few years ago, some of the young girls  
acquired habits of eating starch, onion,  
cloves and the like, to improve their  
complexions. The habits increased by  
indulgence, and the girls consumed large  
quantities of these substances—all good  
in their place, but very harmful when  
taken alone, and in excess.

In less than a year four out of the six  
girls were under the doctor's care. The  
coffee eater became the victim of insu-  
linia, and was so nervous and timid that  
little things made her cry and tremble  
as with terror. The clove eater had be-  
come a victim to hysteria, and was in a  
deplorable state. Those who had the  
starch habit learned to the full extent  
the meaning of dyspepsia.—Youth's  
Companion.

### A Telling Argument.

It is now noted that the abolition of  
the car stove will make a clear gain of  
the space in each car which the heater  
occupies, and that each train of seven or  
eight cars will thereby be enabled to  
carry twenty-five or thirty more passen-  
gers. This is the long sought for argu-  
ment to be employed with effect in in-  
ducing the use of steam heat instead of  
stoves by the railroads. It appears to the  
corporate pocketbook. The ordinary ar-  
gument, based upon sympathy for the  
rattled passenger, appeals only to the  
soul, and corporations are proverbially  
cold.—Washington Star.

## AYER'S PILLS.

If the Liver be-  
comes torpid, if the  
bowels are constipated, or if the stomach  
fails to perform its functions properly, use  
Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver  
Complaint, in consequence of which I  
suffered from General Debility and Indi-  
gestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills  
restored me to perfect health.—W. L.  
Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon  
Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

### Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in ac-  
tion, and do their work thoroughly. I  
have used them, with good effect, in  
cases of Rheumatism and Dyspepsia.—  
G. F. Miller, Middleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and  
Liver troubles, from which I had suffered  
for years. I consider them the best pills  
made, and would not be without them.  
—Muriel Gable, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever,  
which was followed by jaundice, and  
was so dangerously ill that my friends  
despaired of my recovery. I commenced  
taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained  
my customary strength and vigor.—  
John C. Patton, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a  
troublesome humor on my skin. In spite  
of every effort to cure this eruption, it in-  
creased until the flesh became sore and  
raw. I was troubled, at the same time,  
with indigestion, and distressing pain in

### The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking  
Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free  
from pain, my food digested properly, the  
sores on my body commenced healing,  
and, in less than one month, I was cured.  
—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my  
family, and believe them to be the best  
pills made.—S. G. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with  
dysentery a few days ago, and I at once  
began giving them small doses of Ayer's  
Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the  
disease became any worse. In a short  
time the bloody discharges stopped, all  
pain went away, and health was restored.  
—Theodore Ealing, Richmond, Va. '11

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